SUNSET IN BLACK

IN the words that instituted the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is this sentence: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." These words, coupled with those that have gone just before, "This do in remembrance of me," leave God's children a command that seems utterly impossible to perform. To observe the Lord's Supper we must show forth the Lord's death to men.

How can we, even though children of God by faith, picture to our fellow men the sacrifice of our Saviour upon the cross? How can we put into that picture the wonderful love of God or the greatness of the sacrifice that was made? The Lord of Life became subject to death for us. We are commanded to reproduce a scene conceived by God Himself. How can we paint that glorious deed when we have only our own sinful selves to put into it and the common bread and drink with which we feed our bodies?

Can you conceive of a father who, after his daughter has admired a beautiful sunset, hands her a pot of tar and a coarse brush and tells her to paint the sunset on her canvas? It would be ridiculous and foolish to give such a command.

But, turning from the pot of tar, the father presents his daughter with a supply of varied and perfect colors and tells her again to paint the sunset that they have just seen. She does not laugh now, or refuse, but takes the colors and begins her work, and when it is finished she calls her father to view it.

He is greatly pleased, and praises her. "But especially," he says, "I am pleased to think that such a wonderful picture could have come from the black tar that seemed worthless and base beside the sunset."

"But, father," says the girl, "I did not use the pot of tar. I used the wonderful colors that you gave me afterwards."

"Yes," he replied, "but the chemist made all those colors from the black tar. His skill turned the tar into the colors; so with the tar you have made the sunset."

Thus we, as God's children, are asked to paint the picture of the wonderful sunset of the Sun of Righteousness, when after a brilliant day of shining for the world He sank in a burst of glory to rest for the short night before reappearing again. How impossible a task! Although we might picture with our sinful lives the betrayal by Judas or the denial by Peter, to portray the crucifixion of Jesus, the most impressive picture the world has ever known, is impossible. But now the Great Chemist of Souls by his divine touch turns these bodies and souls into children of God, the very brothers and sisters of Christ Himself, with Christ living and showing in them so that they can say, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ who liveth in me."

Now, it is possible to show, though imperfectly, something of the glory and the beauty of the picture, and to draw men to Him who is the Light of men. But it is not only in observing the sacrament that we are to picture Christ for our fellow men. It is more often in everyday life. Is there somewhat of the glory revealed even in you, or is the Sunset of Christ for men hidden by a cloud?

ERED U S. PATENT OFFICE

ood Clocks

this way; every alarm
ke must be right.
k is going into some-
e—maybe your home.
t and set it the first

n on it is absolutely
' It *must* make good.
all factory inspections
pronounced O. K.
clock we ship is en-
our good reputation
ters. We're proud of
on and we build every
up to it.
l Westclox success, as
know, is that different
nstruction that dealers
verywhere have come

nstruction means a
nning clock, better
and longer service.
nd of good, workman-
ction that makes so
say:
ve got several different
All Westclox are good